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NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1884.

A Family Paper Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

THE HERILD AND NEWS

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Editor and Publisher "Arthur's Home Magazine," Philadelphia.

V. L. Conrad.
Editor "Lutheran Observer," Philadel-

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Poetru.

CONSTANCY.

I will be true. Mad stars forsake their And, led by reckless meteors, tur i away From paths appointed by the Eternal

But my fixed heart shall never go astray, Like those calm words, whose sundirected motion Is undistarted by strife of wind or

sea, S) shall my swervel as and serene devotion Sweep on forever, loyal unto thee.

I will be true. The fickle tide divided Between two wooling shores, in will May, to and fro, shift, always undecided.

Not so the tide of passion in my

breast: Like the grand surge of some resistless river That burries on, past mountain, vale Unto the main its waters to deliver. So my full heart keeps all its wealth

for thee. I will be true. Light banks may be be-Or turned aside by every baceze at While sturdy ships, well manued

and richly freighted. With broad sails flying, anchor safe in bay, Like some tirm rock, that, s eadfast and unshaken, Stands all unmoved, when ebbing

So would my heart stand, faithful, if forsaken, I will be true, though thou art false -Eila Wheeler.

billows fiec.

Miscellancous.

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER.

The papers are all a blaze of excitement at the continuance of the elopement epidemic, and while we are not morally certain that we can prove it contagious on the sporadic theory it is nevertheless true that the man who has money and pretty daughters had better look out for them, for while it may be possible to take care of one of these treasures in the Bank Vault or in the strong box of the Safe Deposit, the other treasure is an uncertain domestic factor that hangs within the reach of every bu cher boy, grocery clerk, or coachman and like the riches spoken of in the good book, it takes wings to itself and flies away. It not only flies away but the butcher, the grocery clerk or the coachman contrives to fly about the same time, and there

lieth the milk in the cocoanut. It is well enough to look this thing squarely in the face, and although Broadbrim is not vain enough to suppose that anything he can say will prevent any foolish girl from making a ninny of herself. vet there are many s rvices in this world for which we neither expect nor receive any reward, and this is

one of them. When the world was very young Love was blind, and now that he has grown old, in addition to the original calamity of his birth he is deaf. No logic moves him, no reason swerves him from his wayward fancies; ruin might be right in front of him, but being blind he does not see it. The most logical reasons might be presented to turn him aside from his headstrong

course, but being deaf he does not

Strong minded females may say what they please, but there is a very wide diversity between men and women, and it is nowhere seen in such glaring colors as in the matter of marriage. An intellectual cultivated man may possibly marry and love an ignorant unculti vated woman, one who notwithstanding her ignorance has a gentle and affectionate nature, one who does her best to sooth him in his hours of sorrow; who thinks of his comforts and provides for them; men are grateful for these things. for small as they may appear to the unthinking they are the weights that turn the golden balance of life. Dr. Johnson, the intellectual Colossus of his age, though a coarse brute in his ordinary associations. found in Mrs. Thrale (an ignorant old dowdy) an angel of light. which was a joy and a consolation to him up to the day of her death Rosseau adored his house keeper. and ignorant as she was, he delighted in reading to her the choicest productions of his genius, and it is equally certain that he entertained a most profound reverence for her opinions. Henreich Hein when he was electrifying Germany with his writings, was the devoted slave of a woman who could scarcely read one of his manuscripts, and was not only ignorant but vulgar and ugly. Men may do this, but I doubt if the woman was ever born who could long love a man who was intellectually her inferior. Miss Morrisini is not the first young woman who ran away with her father's coachman and she will not be the last, but I have yet to see a single instance where the match was a happy one, and where the woman did not repent her hasty choice in sackeloth and ashes. Now there is no very good reas n why a coachman or a stable boy may not be a very good sort of person, but the atmosphere of a stable is not conducive to the highest intelled tual culture, and if it were the

young gentlemen who amuse them:

find themselves in college studying Latin and Greek But the gradnates of the stable usually chew tobacco; they smoke also and generally swear, and contracting the habit of kicking the horses, are very apt in moments of excitement to try the experimen on their wives, and right here is the point that materially effects the romantic boarding school Miss. Love in a vine clad cottage with John and bread and cheese and kisses, is Paradi e, or at least as near as one can reasonably hope to get to it in this sublunary sphere, but when John comes ome drank smelling of whiskey and onions and Maria Janes remonstrating with him gives her a black eye, Paradise vanishes. Yet this is what John will do every time; hence I say for an educated young lady, whose life surroundings have been gentle and polite. John is a bad investment. Somewhere n the vicinity of the kitchen John will find his affinity. Susan has been in the habit of ruling the house with a rod of iron, which was fortunate enough to secure her services, she will stand no nonsense from any one; if John comes home drunk to her during the honeymoon or aft r. he wakes up next morning with a pair of black eyes; his his head is all covered with plaster; he feels as if he had been run over by a train of cars and then d awn through a knot hole afterwards; he wonders what has happened, but Susan walks about the house singing, "I wan: to be an angel" just as chipper as if every day was the Fourth of July or Thanksgiv ing. Now that's just the kind of angel that John appreciates, and in fact just the kind of angel he needs; the chances are with such an angel as that to go through his pockets whenever she has a chance, and who puts the result of her discovery in the Savings Bank, John will one day have a stable of his own The

highest ambition of a coachman, just as the highest ambition of a prize-fighter, is to retire from the ring and keep a gin mill. The first mad illusion past, no educated brainy woman ever loved an ignorant saphead since the world began. After casting her lot with him, she may, silently and without a murmur, have walked to her grave bled around the platform on which while the canker was cating her heart-but it was the madness of despair. Pause, girl-; pause-marry a dwarf if you please, or take a feller with a hump on his back like a Persian camel; take a feller with one leg, or a chap with no legs at all: but get a feller with a head on him; he may be ugly as a kangaroo, but beauty is only skin deep at best. but if he has brain and is a decently sober and industrious man, he is worth all the Johns that ever wore a cockade, cracked a whip, or shoveled out a stable In regard to Mr. Morisini I have very little sympliathy for him. For a number of years he occupied the position of Bouncer to Jay Gould. It is almost ton years ago since New York was startled with the news that a man named Selover had thrown Jay Gould down a cellar and killed him They had

been fast friend ; or at least. Se over thought so, and on Jay Gould's advice, Selover went into a certain fancy stock, and while he was worth several thousands when the sun role that morning-when the sun went down he was cleaned out, just as clean as a shotgun. After the adjournment of the board he met Gould on Exchange Place, and seizing him by the slack of his breeches he dropped him down an area; which was not a very astoni-hing feat for him, for Selover turned the scale at 265, and Gould who happened just then to be in prime condition. weighed 93. After that Mr. Gould never went out alone; next day he engaged Mr. Morisini, who was understood to be a fighter, who carried Derringers in his pockets and Bowie-knives in his boots. He generally walked about ten feet behind Mr. Gould, and every feller knew just as sure as preachin' that if he laid a hand on the little Croesus the friend of Garibaldi would send him into kingdom come before he could say Jack, much less Robinson. By and bye, the Bouncer in addition to his salary was allowed to take an occasional flyer at stocks, and aided by Mr. Gould's advice. you may be sure he did not lose. From extreme poverty he mounted to opulence, and while twenty years ago he would have welcomed a rich man's coachman into his family, to-day it gives him a fit of the colic, from which he may not recover. I pity the coachman for he is bound to lose his wife, but he will lick her first. I pity the girl when the scales drop from her eyes as they are sure to do, and after John has found his way to the pen-

ing in a cellar, for fifty cents a dozen, she will realize the beauty of Whittier's lines -- " Of all the sad words from tongue or pen, the saddest are these-It might have been. Dr. John Hall has introduced a most excellent regulation at his magnificent church on the Fifth Avenue. When the service begins the doors are closed, and late comers are permitted to admire the beauty of the building from the outside. This prevents any stupid lazy man, or vain and foolish woman from disturbing the minister and the entire congregation. Long is the list of fashionable weddings announced, taking two whole columns of one of our large dailies. Politics rage, amusements of all selves currying the horses and performing the usual chores required is back at Plymouth church threatis back at Plymo

itentiary and Susan is doing wash-

ened with a social earthquake. It is evident that Mr. Beecher has no added to his popularity, to say the least, but I presume he feels abundantly able to paddle his own canoe. We can't get out of the way of politics no matter how hard we try. Processions meet us everywhere, banners flaunt in our faces, Orators are as plenty as the autumn leaves. John Kelly has spokenthough he did not say much .- it was enough. It is a consolation to know that both sides are right, and that both are going to win, and consequently both are satisfied. We shal' undoubtedly know more a' out it on November fifth, than we do at present, and quietly awaiting that time.-I am. Yours truly.

BROADBRIM. 101 + + + 5 Norm-WADE HAMPTON'S LEGION.

A MEMORABLE PAREWELL SCENE IN COLUMBIA.

A Battle-Flag from a Wedding Gown

Mrs. F. G. DeFontaine in Philadelphia Times. The city of Columbia, S. C., during the war, witnessed an episode that has not yet found its way among the records of that eventful period. It was the occasion of the resignation by General Wade Hampton of the command of his famous "Hampton Legion," and his farewell to the old soldie s whom he had organized and equipped, prior to his promotion to the cava ry service with which his name in after years was so significantly identified. The city never looked more beautiful than on that bright spring morning. Nature had just celebrated her glorious resurrection. Air, earth and sky seemed in harmony with the occasion. The gardens were in full bloom; the soft South winds came laden with the perfume of myriads of flowers, and the winged choristers of the woods were holding high carnival. There was one objective point that day to which everyhody, young and old. white and black, hurried as if animated by a common thought, to a great grove on the ontskirts of the capital. By thousands the people flocked thither from the adjacent towns and villages, and long before noon a dense multitude had assem-

were to take place the official exercises of the day. WADE HAMPTON'S APPEARANCE. The "Legion" had meanwhile formed in line in camp and, preceded by their band, were marching through the streets of the city to the place where they were so soon to part with their old commander. As they appeared upon the scene and their battle-flag came in view the enthusiasm of the immense throng was something to be long remembered. Cheer after cheer greeted the war-worn veterans and did not cease until with steady tramp they had filed into position around the platform on which were seated a group of distinguished men, whose names have since become illustrious in the annals of the Confederacy. A moment later the tall, commanding figure of an officer, whose face told of exposure to the elements, was discovered ascending the steps to join the compatriots with whom he had associ. ated in council and on the field, He was clad in a suit of faded gray and carried in his hand a weatherbeaten, war-worn felt hat. A look of sadness rested on the handsome features, and there stood before the multitude the idol of South Carolina. To that audience no introduction was necessary, for it recog-

nized in an instant the chevalier sans peur, et sans reproche, around whom has since clustered so many memories of the late desperate strife-Wade Hampton.

HAMPTON'S FAREWELL.

Some minutes elapsed before he was permitted to speak, and when he did so it was with a voice trem. ulous with emotion. Turning to the throng he made a brief address in recognition of the warm welcome of which he had been the recipient, and then turning to his old command he uttered the touching and eloquent sentences in which he bade farewell to the men who had followed his fortunes since the beginning of the war. His language may not have been recorded. but those who were present will not forget his closing remark: "Soldiers! I think you will all bear witness that I never ordered the Legion to go where I did not lead you, and I believe you will be true to your past

in whatever duties you may be

called upon to perform in the fu-

ture Farewell for the present; but

we shall meet again on many a

field. May the God of battles bless

you and bless our cause!" Among the soldiers present was one who had received a heavy sabre cut and still wore his arm in a sling. Some one asked him how he was wounded. "Defending that life, which is worth ten of mine," was the answer. "In one of the handto-hand fights a Federal soldier had his sword raised and was in the act of cutting down Hampton when I threw my arm up and caught the blow. But I never have regretted it, for there he stands, the embodiment of our people." He was a young Georgian and is to day a

A PALMETTO TOKEN. Seated next to General Hampton on the platform was the Rev. Dr. Palmer, now of New Orleans.

which he slowly opened with the accompanying remark: "As I was about stepping on this platform a fair daughter of Carolina handed me this (holding up a beautiful palmetto tree at ached to a blue ribbon) and requested me to pin it as near General Hampton's heart as possible; and now, if he will step to the front (as is his custom) I will obey the young lady's command to the best of my ability." Hampton advanced blushingly to the edge of the platform to receive the token. and after it was pioned on the 1 ppel of his con, he turned to the reverend gentleman and laying his hand over the souvenir said : "Tell her I will defend it with my life." After the caremonies the soldiers

were invited to a barbecue, where the tables were presided over by the principal ladies of the city. Battles, except with knife and fork, were for the nonce forgotten, and the men who manfully stood by their flag were quickly engaged in paving tribute to the pretty girls, who were only too happy thus to show their appreciation of the gallant fellows who represented the women of the land Poor boys! Scores of them lexchanged their palmetto buttons but day for little keepsakes, who never r turned to redeem them. Conspicuous among the throng was Colonel Mar in W. Gary, who subsequently became commander of the Legion and was made a briga lier and major general. He was one of the most fear less and dashing officers of the Confederate army, and up to the day of his death was known as "the unpardonable rebel." During the four years of the war he had passed through some forty engagments without receiving a wound, and died in the prime of life only a few years

ago, at his home in Edgefield. THE HAMPTON BATTLE-FLAG. The flag of the Hampton Legion was made from a portion of the wedding dress of Mrs. Hampton, and was presented by her in person to the command. The few shreds of it which remain show how faithfully it was borne in the thickest of the fray. More than twenty men have gone to their soldiers' rest while bearing it aloft amid the din and horror of battle. At the beginning of the war Gen. Hampton was a wealthy man. He sup plied his soldiers and quartered them on his own grounds. The Legion comprised some of the best men in the State, and there were scores of young planters and professional men who, volunteering as mere privates, with little hope of promotion, represented millions of dollars. The esprit du corps was something remarkable. INCIDENTS RELATING TO THE LEGION. An incident that occurred within the observation of the writer il-

lustrates her meaning. It is that of Dr. Hyder D. Bedon, now of Mississippi, who served in the ranks during the entire war, from the tocsin that called him to Bull Run to the tap of the last drum at Appomattox. Being remonstrated with by friends who depicted the hardships of camp life in his capacity as a private, his reply was: "Any man will except the position of an officer, but every man will not fight as a private. I'll take my chances and endeavor to do my duty." He fought gallantly and came out of the war unscathed. A humorous incident is related of another private in the Legion who left a sumptuous home. The regiment was encamped near the Potomac, and the young warrior having been taught that "cleanliness was akin to godliness' decided not only to take a bath himself, but to wash his clothing. He did so and hung the latter on the neighboring limbs to dry while he went to sleep. On awakening he found that every vestige of his attire had been stolen, probably by some luckless individual whose morals had not been improved by war and whose wants were worse. This was a predicament for a soldier of the Legion who might expect marching orders at any mome: t. He arose to the situation, however, and stating the care to his friends, they called the company together to consider the question of "repairs." They voted him an outfit in very short order, but for uniqueness it has doubtless seldom been equaled. A coat was contributed by one, a pair of trousers by another, a sock and a shoe by a third, etc. Not an article was of the proper dimensious, but it served as a temporary covering: for which he was grateful, and when the entire "get up" was complete, the boys christened him, "The Child of the

Regiment.' A QUIET QUAKER. While the Legion were encamped

on the banks of the Opequan, in Vir-

ginia, an old Quaker rode into camp. He was mounted on the back of a sorry looking mule and was himself. with his "thees" and "thous," a typical speciman of an anti-beligerent from the backwoods. The boys jeered him from one end of the camp to the other, but he paid little attention to them until he reached the headquarters of Gen. Hampton. where, being met and cordially greeted by a number of officers, he quietly raised the colored glasses that concealed his eyes, removed a wig and revealed the familiar featsuccessful merchant in the city of ures of one of the most daring scouts in the Army of Virginia. He had just returned from Washington, run the line of pickets on the Maryland side, brought a lot of Northern newspapers, together with a mass

from his poetet a small parcel | the Commande in chief, and in his quiet disguise had presented himself for further or lers. It is neelless to say that he had a welcome that night from his comrades in arms such as brave men always ac ; cord to each other.

----ANINDIAN GIRL.

She was not too tall, and was

finely formed, though want of food

had marred the once rounded con-

tour of her young and shapely lambs. Her hair was long and of a rich purplish black. Her eyes were large, lustrous, fall of nature's fire and brightness. Her eyebrows were dark as her hair, and perfectly arched. Her lips were full and of a vivid red. Her teeth, like those of most Indians, were beautifully regular and brilliantly white, though tooth brush had never touched them They seemed, however, like all Indian teeth, to have been made to eat raw flesh I cannot better describe the appearance of Indian teeth. Her cheeks and her forehead were touched with the vermilion dye the squaws use for the purpose of personal adornment; for they too, like too many of their white sisters, endeavor to improve upon nature. Her matted hair fell in long elflocks and inextricable tangles; it was virgin of a comb. She looked like a savage edition of a head I have seen among Julian's crayon studies. Her dusky arms were bare. A few brass rings or namented her wrists. Her dress was composed of two rectangular pieces of a dark and coarse woolen stuff bordered with red; the latter is a favorite color of Indians. These pieces were joined at one end, a place being left open for the head to pass through. A piece of buckskin bound them about her waist Her feet were small and well formed, but truth compels me to confess that they were thickly encrusted with the yellow mud of the Cienega. The nearest approach to a washing they ever made was when her path lay across a brook which she had to ford. Her hands, alas! were covered with dirt and clay, for it was my poor little noheroine's daily labor to dig up the papa, or Navajo potato, with her young fingers. I should have hesitated to lend her my cloak or my shawl if I intended to wear it again. And if I were compelled to don it again after she had worn it I should cause it to do duty for some days as a horse-cloth first. This, I have learned from old frontiersmen, from Mexican scouts, guides, etc. removes the unpleasant consequences of Indian wear. The perfume of the wild red rose was not remarkably agreeable. Judged from a dancing school point of view, her step was not graceful. Like all Indians and other untutured children of nature, she turned out her heels and turned in her toes .-United States,

POOR LITTLE BILLY.

"Please, Mr. Conductor, I ain't got no money, but I want to get home quick, for Billy's hurted very

The speaker was a shabbily attired little girl, apparently about nine years of age, who had just en tered a car near Dover street, carrying in her arms, wrapped in a faded shawl, what appeared to be a

"I knows your car, mister," she continued, "it goes close to my street; and I ll get the money from father an' pay you."

"All right, sis," said the conductor, kindly. "How did the baby get hurt?"

"It ain't a baby." she answered. "it's my brother Patsey's dog. He was run over by a herdic. Patsey's crippled, an' thinks everythin' er She had hardly ceased speaking

ment in the shawl, followed by a subdued yelp; then all was still. Half opening the bundle, the little girl glanced into it. "Oh, dear, dear!" she cried, b irst-

when there was a convulsive move-

ing into tears. "what shall I do? Billy's dead." So saying, she threw back the

shawl, and exposed to view the

bruised and battered remains of a

small mongrel terrier, that looked. in truth, as much tike a piece of ragged door-mat as anything. "Oh! dear! dear," she repeated, again and again, between her sobs,

"what shall I do?" There was not a dry eye in the car, as a tall, benevolent-looking gentleman of the Father Taylor stamp arose, took off his hat, and without saying a word passed it round. The coin showered into it every one gave something-and the amount, materially increased by the gentleman himself, was poured into the lit le girl's lap.

"There," said the gentleman, don't cry. That will buy another dog for your brother, and some playthings for him, too."

The face brightened somewhat. as she sobbed. "Thank you kindly, sir," but she looked anything but. happy as she left the car, near Northampton street, carrying im her arms, as one would carry as baby, the remains of poor Billy -Roston Globe

If a man will only start with a fixed and honorable purpose in life, and persistently attempt to carry it out to the best of his ability, undismayed by failure or delay, the time may be long in coming, but it will

WISE SAVINGS.

The crosses we make for ourselves, by anx-ity as to the future, are not the crosses of God .- Fen-

The body is simply to be kept comfortable, that is the beginning and end of all clothing. That mother makes a mistake who so warps and dwarfs the mental growth that the child comes to depend for happiness upon clothing. growing up to believe that the world is a failure unless it fits its dainty little form with finest clothes. -- Rev. O. P. Gifford.

Education alone will not save the country. "We must educate!" that is true, but learning administered without the ingredient of morality or piety is only arming and equipping dangerous forces. The Warden of the Penitentiary of Nebraska, so said Hon. George M. Lambertson in his alumni oration at the Palmer House Chicago, affirms that the criminals there are above the average intelligence. And Nebraska is not peculiar in this respect. We must do more than edneate For the sake of our country and our hom s we must teach the wholesale principles of morality based on Christianity .- Chicago

By many notoriety is mistaken for popularity and, ambitious for the latter, some preachers seem to make desperate efforts to gain the former. By such the words of Mr. Spurgeon may be profitably pondered: "Notoriety can be gained at once by just being singular, and setting up to know better than those around you. Everybody will talk about you at once, and you can . impress yourself upon their memories by saying something very cutting an limpudent, and as nearly blasphemous as you dare make it. But is this a noble ambition? Can this be the course of a man of God? We think not. Perish the popularity which comes by any doctrine but the truth, or by any means but that of solemn, earnest well-doing. Empty sensationalism perishes like the green herb, and her sy dies like a noxious weed, but the faithful preacher of the word shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

THE LORD'S ANSWER.

Something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within-for the night was chilly-and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the picture on the hearth. There, by the soft glow of the fire-light. knelt his little child at her mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed, and as its rosy lips uttered each word with childish distinctness the father lis-

tene l, spellbound to the spot; "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet innocence. The man himself, who stood there with beared lips shut tightly together, had said that same prayer at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbareed to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her "God bless mamma, papa and my own elf"-then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled

"God bless papa," prompted the mother, soft y. "God bless papa," lisped the lit. tle one.

blue eyes to her mother's face.

"And please send him home sober." He could not hear the mothther, as she said this, but the child followed in clear, inspired

tone: "God-bless papa-and pleasesend him-home sober. Amen. Mother and child spring to their feet in alarm when the do r opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon; but that night when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed, after such a happy romp with papa, she said, in the sleepiest and most contented voice;

er quick, didn't He?" TREASURE REVEALED IN A DREAM.

"Mamma, God answered my pray-

SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA., Sept. 9.-

Walnut Grove, in Walton County.

is enjoying a remarkable sensation. Among the most respected residents of the place is Mies Laura Shelnut, who has passed the meridian of youth, but yet remains an active participant in society events. About a week ago she had a dream, Before her imaginary gaze was spread the panorama of the surrounding country. A young man, elegantly dressed and ornamented with a red necktie, stepped up to her, and pointing out a certain spot, told her to dig and wealth would be hers. Just then she awoke, and the young man was gone, but the memory of the dream so troubled her that she slept no more that night. Last Friday night the dream was substantially repeated. The third night she again had the dream, which so impressed her that on the following morning she went out, and, sure enough, at the designated spot, about two feet under the ground, she found a small tin box filled with gold coin. Three are witnesses both to the fire ag and digging up of the box of gold.